

Chapter 392 | Am Late

The intruders were led by Ramsey's grandfather. ①

There were already many disagreements between the two parties.

This time was no different.

Each of them was here pursuing their own agenda.

Ramsey's grandfather wielded considerable influence.

The two factions stood at odds.

A silent tension hung between them.

"We could've used this situation to put pressure on Azmar. How could you just let them slip through?"

"Is exploiting a pregnant woman the only tactic you have? Haven't you noticed Azmar's condemnation of our foreign policy, saying that we are arbitrarily detaining foreigners, which is already drawing significant attention. Are you really planning on letting this spiral into an irreversible situation?"

"They're all talk. As soon as we extract evidence from this woman, nobody will take their word for it..."

"I'm afraid that before you can make her spill any secrets, she might already be gone."

Camila's lower body was heavily stained with blood, her dress turning a deep shade of crimson.

Her consciousness was slipping away.

Ramsey's grandfather feared the potential difficulties in explaining Camila's death to Isaac, considering Isaac was set to help his grandson in acquiring the Joviek family reins.

Camila had to be delivered to Isaac alive.

Choosing not to squander any more time in pointless discussion, he promptly instructed his men to escort Camila away.

Political conflicts between two parties were a common occurrence.

No matter how strained their relationship, an actual fight was unlikely.

At most, their hostility towards each other might intensify.

Outside, Ramsey was impatiently pacing beside a car, occasionally glancing at the time.

As he noticed people emerging, he briskly moved towards them.

"Grandfather."

As he spoke, his gaze landed on the man following his grandfather, cradling Camila in his arms.

Traces of her blood marked their path on the ground.

His face changed instantly. "Get her in the vehicle. We're heading to the hospital."

With a nod of approval from Ramsey's grandfather, the man promptly moved to seat Camila in the car.

"Ramsey, I'll leave the rest to you."

"Alright, grandpa, you can count on me."

Subsequently, Ramsey occupied the driver's seat and sped off.

While on the way to the hospital, he made a call to Isaac.

"She's out. We're on the way to the hospital now."

Upon receiving the call, Isaac stepped out, inquiring, "Which hospital are you heading to?"

"I've checked the GPS, and Wellbridge Hospital seems closest. We're heading there."

"How is she doing? Can she speak to me?"

Isaac did his utmost to maintain his composure.

Yet, he had an uneasy feeling.

Something must have happened to Camila.

Otherwise, Ramsey wouldn't have needed to rush her to the hospital after rescuing her.

Casting a glance at Camila through the rearview mirror, Ramsey noticed her seemingly unconscious state.

"Well... She is about to give birth."

He refrained from mentioning that Camila had lost consciousness.

Isaac's heart skipped a beat, and a sharp pang of pain shot through his chest.

Camila was going into labor.

And he was not by her side.

She had been alone when Joe was born.

Once again, she was alone.

However, he couldn't afford to reveal his emotional turmoil to an outsider. He curtly responded in a hushed tone, "Understood."

He ended the call and headed straight for the hospital.

Upon his arrival, she had already been rushed into the surgery room. Her condition was critical, and an emergency C-section might be necessary. Even then, the chances of preserving the baby were slim.

This was due to the fact that she wasn't at the end of her pregnancy.

In addition, she was injured.

When she arrived, she was hemorrhaging. It was not just about her water breaking.

Isaac gazed at the bloodstains on Ramsey, his hands dropping to clench into fists. "Tell me what really happened."

"Okay. Well, her situation might be dire," he admitted in a hushed tone.

Isaac's breathing quickened, anxiety coursing through him.

He was very worried about her.

He felt an urgent need to do something to alleviate the suffocating feeling.

"She will be fine." Ramsey attempted to console him.

Isaac gestured with his hand, signaling him to remain silent.

What he needed now was tranquility.

He had no desire to listen to any hollow reassurances.

Nobody could truly comprehend another's pain.

He regarded Ramsey and said, "She is my wife."

Ramsey pursed his lips and said, "I regret not having been able to rescue her sooner..."

"Excuse me, who's related to the patient?" A nurse approached.

"I am." Isaac promptly moved forward a couple of steps, hesitating momentarily. He feared he might receive bad news.

"The patient's bleeding severely. She was brought in too late. We can only try to save either the baby or the mother."

"Save her."

Isaac made his decision even before the nurse finished speaking.

When it came to choosing between them.

He would surely choose Camila.

"Then, please sign here."

The nurse offered him the surgical consent document.

Isaac picked up the pen and signed his signature, an act equivalent to him terminating the child's life.

What he was doing was not merely signing a document, but killing his own child.

But at this moment, there was no other choice.

He was compelled to do so!


His hand quivered as he signed, but he managed to complete it.

He had never... Never been confronted with such a difficult decision.

He staggered, nearly losing his footing. He was barely standing upright, bracing himself against the wall with one hand. His heart was weighed down with despair.

But soon he composed himself. It was now Camila who was truly going through a difficult time.

At the back door of the hospital, a nurse passed a newborn baby to a man. She looked around and, ensuring that no one else was present, said, "You have to be cautious, or this premature baby won't survive."

The man, his face masked and donning a black knit cap that concealed his eyebrows, cradled the infant and said to the nurse, "Inform your boss that I've transferred the money." 

The nurse nodded and turned around to go in to the hospital.

The man, holding the infant, left too.

All this transpired without anyone noticing.

Camila was moved to the in-patient ward.

Ramsey hadn't left yet.

He stood in the room and offered, "If there's anything you need, don't hesitate to reach out to me."

"Thank you. But I would rather not talk now." In essence, Isaac was suggesting that he leave.

Then, politely, Ramsey took his leave.

Isaac positioned himself at the bedside.

He looked at the woman lying on the bed.

She appeared haggard, with dark circles under her eyes, and a crack in her pale lips.

Isaac wetted her lips with a cotton swab that was dipped in water.

He then tenderly cleaned her face, hands, and neck with warm water.

It was not until noon of the following day that Camila stirred from her slumber.

She lifted her eyelids weakly.

Her vision was hazy.

Gradually, she saw the man before her clearly.

Isaac tried to keep calm and smiled. "Sorry, I'm late."

Camila touched her belly and wondered if she had already given birth.

She looked at Isaac and asked in a hoarse voice, "Where's our baby? Is it a boy or a girl?"

Almost losing his emotional footing, Isaac gripped his hands tightly in his lap.

His heart was quivering, as if weighed down by an immense boulder, making breathing feel almost impossible.

He didn't know what to say.

"Mila," he said in a low voice, "our baby..."

"You weren't there when Joe was born. You can't miss this one," Camila implored.

Isaac could no longer contain his emotions at that!



✓ You have unlocked
exclusive limited-time benefi...

Claim Now